



DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

VOL. VII.]

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THE LILY.

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Corresponding Editor.

For The Lily.

OUR JOETTE;

A Stray Patch from Aunt Hannah's Quilt;
Or, Record of the West.

BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

—CONTINUED.

After Fred had set fire to his house, in maniac madness he wandered off to the bank to see the end of his diabolical work. Soon the flames spread, the crowd gathered, and the shouts of the multitude struck terror into his guilty soul—the night dew chilled him, the dense fog from the water saturated his clothes with wet, and hid him from view. In the terror and exhaustion of the moment, he threw himself upon the bank, and in drunken stupidity fell asleep for a few moments. Lying upon the edge, an old sow rooting about for her young, found him, and turning him over with her snout, she rolled him down the precipitous bank into the shallow water at the edge of the stream. His unnatural baptism awoke him to consciousness, and the shock and sudden fright, restored, in a measure, his shattered senses. In an instant, the whole enormity of his acts glowed out before him. He knew that the penitentiary awaited him, if he stayed till morning. Like a dream, came up to his phrenzied mind his own resolution to burn little Mabel, and in his muddled condition, he was led to believe that he had perpetrated the act designed. Through the fog he saw the fire of his own house, the sound of the voices of his neighbors were in his ears; he heard his own name called; he knew they were hunting him; then plunging into the stream, he swam to a steamer that lay anchored just beyond the shallow water, climbed up the side in the dark, and while all hands were listening to, and watching the operations on shore, he secreted himself in the steerage, among bales and boxes covering himself from observation, beneath a pile of old canvas. He again fell asleep, and was not discovered. Twenty-four hours had he lain sleeping and waking, afraid to move. Night was again upon them—a dark night and cold drizzling rain, made the gloom and blackness still deeper. The boat landed at a great city, and the guilty wretch crept from his hiding place, dropped again into the water, and gained the shore unobserved. Boats were not in those days the mammoth palaces that now plow our waters.

Hungry, weary and exhausted, he sought a party of boatmen, who were playing cards, on a flatboat, by a good fire, where he told his story of having fallen overboard, dried and warmed himself, and

received from them what he most desired, a drink of whisky and some food from their well supplied store room. Warmed and cheered, Fred was himself again, and soon his ready wit and conviviality made him an acceptable companion. They asked him to take a hand in the play, but he plead poverty.

"Sing us a song," shouted one; "sing us a song, and we will throw in a dime round to start you in business."

Fred sung, and fifty cents thrown into the hat, enabled him to enter the list as a player, and before he left them, he had won from his entertainers twenty dollars—his one drink of whisky had not unsettled him, and he had always resolution and presence of mind when he felt resolved so to do, to keep sober a few days.

He had played and won, but who shall portray the burning fire of conscience that was searing his soul. Fully believing that he had killed his child, he knew that he must be tried and condemned as a murderer, if he was found. His object then was to gain money, that he might hasten on his journey and elude pursuit; hasten from himself—hasten from the haunting visions of his patient wife, struck down and bleeding on the floor—from his struggling, shrieking babe, and the deep reproachful voice of the angel child, "Father, give me the baby!"

He hurried to a clothing store, bought a suit of clothes, and went on board another steamer, as a cabin passenger, and represented himself as a down river trader. There were no telegraph wires then, to send the news ahead of the flying culprit, and to intercept him on his route; and he felt comparatively safe if he could get far enough away. Entering his berth, he locked his door, and amid fearful dreams and horrid visions, slept till evening. A cup of coffee and a warm supper gave him some strength, and assuming as much careless composure as possible, he took his seat with the gamblers, and refusing to drink and watching closely his chance, was able to pay his bill, and leave the boat. In this way, eluding observation, and rendering all pursuit more difficult, he pursued down the Mississippi, and arrived at last in that den of desperados, New Orleans. His pockets were not empty—success in play had attended his efforts, and ten days of soberness, and haunting misery had brought him to deep reflection and repentance—upon one part of his career at least. He would drink no more, he would gamble no more—such were his resolves. He would win for himself wealth, and for what? He was a felon, and no repentance or reform, or good action, could wash out that stain, in the eye of the law. A lifetime of patient endurance and serving, could not return him to Juliette. No, no! she was lost to him forever! How could she ever love again the man who had struck her to the earth—who had cursed her in his phrenzy—who had murdered his and her own child!—No, no! he could never go back, and what was life to him without them. Thus mocked with despair, and a maddening consciousness of guilt, he paced his room for long hours, with unsteady feet, the great sweat drops rolling from his brow, and his veins swollen with agony. At length a thought flashed through his brain—he could die. The torments of another world could not exceed the

pangs of this, even if there were torments, which he did not believe. So rushing from his room, he was about to seek the shop of the apothecary, when passing through the bar-room, he met one of the men from whom he had won money, who accosted him with a friendly frankness, and asked him to drink.

Thinking it would be his last dram, and would help to dispel his agony, he took a large potation, and his resolves of suicide were soon forgotten. Dram followed dram, and he was again the phrenzied mad man. A quarrel arose, and Fred English finished his career of crime by stabbing his companion to the heart. He was hurried to prison, where he dared not give his own name, lest it should get into the papers, and add still deeper pangs to the sorrowing hearts of his friends. He lay long in the loathsome dungeon; at last he was tried and sentenced to hard labor for life in the penitentiary of Louisiana.

Oh! to what depths of woe intemperance plunges its victims! The poor wretch, who sat groaning aloud, so intense was his distress, while the officers of the law shaved away his glossy curls, of which Juliette was once so proud, and which she had so often dressed with her soft, loving hands. Never meant to do a wrong action, he had scarcely a realizing sense that it was wicked to drink, for when the first draught was taken in his sane moments, he never intended to take a second, and when the time came for that, his pulse was beating wildly, his brain on fire, and reason tottering on her throne.

All men drank then—the old man of hoary hairs, the middle aged man, hale and athletic, and the young man full of buoyant life and hopes, thought no ill.

The voice of warning, of a higher and purer morality, had not rung, as now, in all ears, and the mirror of all the sin and sorrow was not hung in the corners and by-ways, to reflect back to the weak and erring, the image of themselves. But the consequences were as fearful then as now. Ignorance, and moral blindness were no causes for compromise with justice. Those who sinned, though all the world smiled an assent, met their punishment in some ways, and learned that lesson that should be taught by every mother, parent, guardian and friend, to every child from infancy to youth, that no law of God can ever be violated with impunity—that every infringement of physical law is also an infringement of the moral and mental, and who injureth himself, sins as deeply in the sight of the All-seeing, as he who does wrong to his neighbor; and he who injures his neighbor, will inevitably injure himself.

Six years, with all their vicissitudes, their joys and sorrows, pleasures and pains rolled by. The old neighborhood improved slowly in wealth and population: the older children were married and given in marriage, and new ones were born to take their places.

But aunt Jerusha changed not with other changing things. The same brown hair, without a sprinkling of gray, was put up in the same round roll, upon the same spot upon the top of her head; the same horn comb, with its two black spots in the centre; the same large curls pinned up each side of her face, just before her ears, with the same broken

teeth of an old comb, broken years ago; the same short-waisted frocks, the same small plain sleeve. The same plain Leghorn bonnet, trimmed with the same plain white satin ribbon, went to church every Sabbath; the same quiet, benevolent, cheerful, yet firm face was kept warm in winter, by the same, nice tippet, made of a tanned opossum skin, and cool in summer with the broad spread turkey-tail, bound in and ornamented with a choice bit of scarlet brocade, which had been the dress of her g. g. grandmother, who came over the salt seas long before the revolution.

Boddice waists come in fashion, but aunt Jerusha wanted no new fangled notions. The persuasions of her sister or other friends were of no avail. It might have been that wearing her hair even tied upon her bump of firmness, had kept it strained to an unyielding condition. Be that as it may, she did not change, and all the world loved her just as well for not changing—that is, all of her world, for I take it we each have a world—a little world—but broad and high to us, and full of deep and earnest conflicts—full of loves and hates—full of cares and quietudes, that make it all in all to us. Aunt Jerusha had, at least, and to her world she was as the key to the clock that wound it all up weekly and kept it in regular and useful motion, and true, to time.

Uncle Joe wore the same long-waisted blue coat, with brass buttons, the same drab great coat, with six falling capes, the skirts reaching to his ankles, that had been new and stylish ten years before.

Julette once asked him if he had not better treat himself to a new one, and hinted that his was eight inches longer in the waist than the style. But uncle Joe would not listen.

"Pat, tut," said he, quite impatiently for uncle Joe, "don't ask me to have one of them things—why a body would have to get up on a stump to take a handkerchief out of the pocket. The old coat is good enough, good enough," and so he went on blessing the poor and needy, and building up the interest of his neighborhood, as need seemed to require.

Julette's school had grown under uncle Joe's fostering hand, into a nice little academy, and Joette into a teacher of botany, chemistry, philosophy, and many other things which were thought wonderful for a woman to know, in those days.

As she grew to womanhood, her deformities became more prominent, and her face, if possible, more beautiful, while her spirit seemed to soar above all earthly trials, and to convert into sunbeams not only for herself but for all around, what to ordinary minds and tempers would have been clouds and darkness. A gentle, loving, trusting creature was the little humpbacked dwarf. Tender and refined as her mother—generous, noble and industrious as uncle Joe—firm, persevering and just as aunt Jerusha—witty, talented and cheerful as her poor misguided father—her sweet face was enveloped or surrounded with a halo of beauty that made those around her forget all else, and but for the sigh of feeling that sometimes escaped her friends, and the murmured remark, "Oh, what a pity, few ever spoke of her misfortunes, but as in contrast with her lovely face and character.

The school had increased so much, and the reputation spread so far and wide, that uncle Joe resolved one more grand act to the stirring drama of his life. This was to erect suitable buildings for a seminary, and endow a young ladies school.

His plan was approved by his sister, and his money, like the magic wand of other days, completed the work. In a few months, Julette was made sole possessor and manager of the establishment. Uncle Joe wishing to secure to her a competence, and at the same time congenial employment, had the deeds made out in the name of Julette English.

About this time, an event transpired that changed somewhat the sober current of life at Sycamore Hall. It was in the autumn of 1835, an erysipelas broke out in the usually healthy country—a fever more fearful and dire in all its bearings than small pox or cholera. Scarce a house in all the country escaped its violence. Almost every family were the garb of mourning—not half well enough were found to nurse the sick, and as a consequence, a large proportion of the well were too selfish or too much engrossed with their own people to give their strength to the sick and suf-

fering stranger. Such a time tries the gold in the hearts of men and women. The old fashioned gig of uncle Joe and aunt Jerusha was daily seen on its round of mercy. The good man, so full of loving kindness, left his field and meadow, and gave himself up to the sick and suffering. His sister, too, held not back, but wherever they were most needed, there they were found night and day.

One family on the plain were extremely selfish, and though their next neighbors suffered and died for want of care, they steadily refused to give a helping hand, the father and mother both asserting that their first duty was to their own, and quoting with large self-complacency, that admirable text of scripture, "He that provideth not for his own house," &c., insisting that as there was more in their family than any other one in the township, it would be foolhardiness to run any risks by bringing the disease among them. Time after time were the stalwart men and hearty girls sent for to come a few hours to watch or nurse, while the weary, worn-out few rested and recruited, but all in vain. They even ordered all persons away that they thought had come from infected houses. But their hour of trial came, and when it did come, like all such heartless people they cried aloud in their panic for those they had spurned, to come to their relief. One after another become victims to the disease in its most aggravated form, till five lay almost in the jaws of death. The father and mother were the first to fall, then the elder sons and daughters, till none but children were left to battle with the fearful destroyer. Many said, let them beg as we have done; let them suffer and die, as did poor Mr. Smith, within their call, and they could not go. They deserve no pity."

Others said, we are worn and exhausted, and those who have been kind when they were able, need our help. But uncle Joe said to Jerusha, "Let us go," and though weary almost to fainting; though they had sat by the bed side, and held the dying hand, and closed the dimmed eye, and performed the last rights of sepulture for a score of old neighbors, friends and beloved children, still they felt that duty was not all done.

"It is a perfect pest-house," said a neighbor to the good maiden.

"All the more need of me," was her quiet reply. "If God sees fit to take me, I had rather be found doing the work that's before me, than shrinking like a coward, from my task. I must die sometime, and as well now as any, if I but die in a good cause."

Just so, sister," responded uncle Joe; "we have no children to mourn for us, and our work is well nigh done, may be, and we had best go and take care of them."

So uncle Joe sent for a lawyer, and made his will, fearing his attack—giving to all his friends a portion of his goods, to public charities a large donation, and to Jerusha the home and all that belonged to it, where they had so lovingly labored together for so many years, and then ready for the worst, they repaired to this house of wailing and woe. A pest house indeed it was, for the very fears of the family had increased the virulence of the disease, and the panic of the well ones had prevented their taking proper means to ventilate the house.

Day and night for two weeks did this self-sacrificing couple bend over the swollen and agonized bodies of these stricken ones—soothing, comforting, cheering. But all in vain—the mother fell first, then four others in quick succession passed away; and still others fell sick, and there seemed none to take the place of these two indefatigable watchers.

It was too much, and after laying the fifth one of the same family in the grave, uncle Joe returned home, saying to his sister, who had already gone to bake some bread and prepare food in her own kitchen for the sick ones. My time has come—"I'm sick unto death." And when his sister looked into his face, she saw there the work of the fell destroyer, and her soul sunk within her. Her cheek blanched with fear. "Oh! Joseph," she cried, in a voice of agony, "you must not die—better a thousand times that I should fall than that you, my brother, should lose your useful life. Oh, why did I tell you to go to that dreadful place."

"We went to do our duty, sister, and we have done right. I do not regret, but let me to bed, I am fearfully sick."

Can there be a more holy and beautiful love than this—this love of brother and sister, growing with their growth and strengthening with their strength, without selfishness without distrust, giving and taking through all the years, with nothing to mar life, and harmony, and at the end sharing life dangers, and ready to give up their lives for each other. Oh! such a love—even one such—is enough to make our faith strong that God, in the human heart, will yet triumph over selfishness and sensuousness, and the day finally come when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together, and a little child shall lead them."

Julette had been sick, but not dangerously, and Joette had been her nurse. Mabel and Willie, too, had been somewhat ill, but none of them violently attacked, and they were all now convalescent, and Joette flew to the bedside of uncle Joe, and to help her dear aunt in her hour of severe trial.

Shall we tell of the untiring care and watchfulness of the two! The patient, loving sister, and the heroic, thoughtful child—of the long night-watch, when no drink or medicine passed the invalid's lips, but from their hands—of wants alleviated, pains soothed and dark forebodings cheered—how Joette, with bursting heart, quelled all her anguish, and sung her beautiful song to lull the moaning maniac to sleep. O! if tears and prayers could have barred the way to the grave, uncle Joe, good uncle Joe would not have died.

It was impossible for these two feeble ones to take all the care of a heavy sick man, and Mr. Somers, a near neighbor, who had lost his wife a year or two before, came to their relief, and daily looked to their needs. He was a good man, and had a few months before enquired of uncle Joe if he thought Jerusha would be willing to change her home and become his wife. The brother was almost shocked at the proposal—it seemed to him as if a man had asked him for his wife—his all so closely interwoven with the very chords of his being, was his affectionate sister. Nevertheless, he agreed to sound her upon the matter. He did so, and received a decided reply that she should always live with him.

Now as he lay upon a dying bed, he thought of her—how lonely, how desolate would be her life—how she would need him—and the thought struck him to tell her of Mr. Somers' proposal, and to advise her to accept it. He did so, and made it as his only request that she should not try to live alone.

Mr. Somers had four daughters and one son, but they were all married but one, who was a great pet of aunt Jerusha's.

"You will be happier," said the dying man, "if you live to be old, to have some one to love, besides I think you can like Mr. Somers, & transfer your love for me to him. There was a time," he paused, his lip quivered, and his wan hand clutched convulsively that of his sister. She leaned her head upon his pillow, and sobbed in silence. Both were thinking of days long gone by—she of an engagement almost of childhood, with Charles Somers—He of a lovely sister who had gone early to the spirit world, whose hand seemed now stretched out, to greet him and guide him through the dark valley. Again, the dying brother pressed her hand.

"Sister Jerusha—do not weep—I am going to regain Anna—the love of my youth has never been forgotten. Marry Charles—his head is grey with years and sorrows, but his heart is true. You were neither to blame for the separation—let it now end—let him be to you a brother and a husband."

"Oh! my brother, speak not now of that—you must not die," and the voice of the anguished woman muttered incoherent words, mingled with the sobs of her bursting heart.

Uncle Joe died and was buried. Never had there been such a funeral in the valley of the M——, for the people loved him.

N. B.—In the third chapter of 'Our Joette,' these words occur: "Some said her thought went away to the tragedy of the Mississippi, the burning of the Lady Franklin, forty years ago." For forty years, read twenty-five.

For The Lily.

DWIGHT, July 23, 1855.

Dear Mrs. Birdsall:—As the work advances, and multitudes begin to admit that if woman is human she must be entitled to Human Rights, viz: "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness;" they also see that she is entitled to the same guaranty from her fellow beings that man claims for himself. If he elects that this guaranty shall be the franchise, they can find no real argument that shall debar her, that would not also exclude a large majority of men. It also becomes apparent that if "resistance to tyrants is obedience to heaven," it is often the manifest duty of women to declare and maintain their equal rights. Of course, their weapons should not be carnal, but spiritual and mighty, for the pulling down of the strong holds of iniquity. Moral resistance we all know is higher and fuller than physical.

Yet there are many who say, we have all the rights we desire and would not take more if they were proffered. Thus narrowly some people argue in regard to self culture. They have all the education they desire and would not thank any one for means of acquiring more. Do they not know that by and by they will be called upon to render account for the talents committed, and how then will the poor drivelling souls appear when they bring out the one little talent, all carefully rolled up in the napkin of selfishness, and declare, "I knew then that thou wast a hard master, gathering where thou hadst not strewn and reaping where thou hadst not sown, and I took the talent and hid it in the ground; lo there is thine own—take it;" and the answer that is daily and hourly thundered into the ears of these selfish, self satisfied souls. The duty of using our talents for others should be constantly enforced. While not a power of our being exists that is not intended for our individual good, most of our faculties are also intended to render us reciprocal beings. Imparting and receiving constitutes the pleasure of social life; and in our own souls we feel emphatically that it is more blissful to give than to receive. We impart because of our affluence even as God imparts, growing strong with the use of strength, and wise by the use of wisdom. The mother who has imparted of the superfluity of her own being to her children, finds every day that the master is calling for an account of the talents committed to her trust. The lisping voice of infancy is commissioned by divine right to demand of the mother, not the one talent, but the five made ten. Every answer to its little questioning, is a rendering up of that mighty account, and fearful is the result to many a frivolous, vain soul who has dared to assume the several relations of mother, when her early life has been but one lavish waste of heaven bestowed talents.

Human Rights, the full guaranty and exercise of which give dignity to character, because they confer the means of benefitting our fellow beings, became sacred trusts. We can no longer sit down supinely and say, "because I have bread to eat and clothes to wear, and a roof to shelter, and elegancies to admire, I have all the rights that I require." They are yours to enjoy, not to impart. Because you have a home will the slave have one? Because you have bread and to spare, will the hungry in our cities be fed, and the outcast redeemed? Alas! it is not yours, it is another's, and you are only a recipient by favor, an object of affectionate charity—portage, not an independent citizen, demanding in your own name, by virtue of your well protected rights, the same rights for others. How do you know that your failing to secure your own rights may not be the means of the enslavement of your children. The spirit of despotism has encroached till we know not how bold its demands may be, nor how servile the concessions of northern men. Is it not time for a National Convention of American Women, to take into consideration the present condition of the Anti-Slavery question, and see if we cannot organize this fall, and carry forward a scheme for canvassing the country, and obtaining petitions to Congress that shall pour in by millions instead of hundreds, speaking our utter desolation of oppression.

Shall not such a convention follow our Woman's Rights Convention at Cincinnati.

Yours, truly,

H. M. T. C.

A Voice from the West.

For The Lily.

Dear Mrs. Birdsall:—Will you welcome a new laborer in the field to aid in the glorious cause of driving intemperance, sorrow, oppression from our fair land, and in maintaining Woman's Rights?

It is a calm, sweet Sabbath in June—everything seems calculated to make one happy, and yet I feel sad, from what cause I scarcely know, unless it is the circumstances with which I am surrounded; and why it is that I am thus surrounded I know not, unless it is to bring me to a compliance with duty, for I have always felt that there was a mission for me to fill above the common household duties; but like the slothful servant I have buried my talent; and whilst our fair land has been cursed with the withering blight of intemperance, I felt there were others who had more influence and could do more than I could. Notwithstanding I have been one of the favored ones of earth, for never in all my life have I seen a person that was related to me in any way intoxicated. I have never witnessed the angry looks of a drunken father, or the abuse of a drunken husband. But on the other hand, my father, brothers and husband, and all my relations as far as I know, were temperance men. This was one reason why I felt so little interest. I fear I have not appreciated the blessings thus bestowed upon me. And now the temperance battle is fought and the victory won, in this my adopted State, and in several of the adjoining States, but yet there is work to do. There is a subject upon which every female should exert her influence, and that is *woman's rights*.—Woman has in all ages been kept in subjection to her husband. She is not allowed to hold ownership over property aside from him, and if the hand of affliction is laid upon her and her husband taken from her; two-thirds of the property is taken from her, and she is left with one-third, to support herself and raise and educate her little ones on. This ought not so to be. Woman is as well calculated to manage business as man, and it is given up by all classes that woman can wield a greater influence than man. Take her in her calm, quiet way and place her beside the sick and afflicted, and what an influence is there felt. See her in the house of God, here her gentle voice uplifted to the Author of all things; what feelings does it cause; the stoutest hearts will quail; and yet they will say woman is not capable of holding office or owning property, and managing her own business; how many too of our own sex think that there is no higher calling for them than the household duties. Others again, who feel themselves above working, and can scorn a person who has to work for a living, considers themselves of so much importance that they should be idolized, by all, and that every man they meet should pay deference to them. We have a specimen of this kind just across the alley from my own dwelling, and you would think to hear her talk, that it would keep one gentleman busy all the time to keep her amused. Alas! when will woman learn her own worth, and elevate her mind to that state which was intended for her by her creator. Woman can exert a great influence if she will. Let every female voice respond: *I will*.

THERESA.

THE UNHAPPY REPLY.

BY ROSALLE.

"I do not think it is a selfish act, if I occupy this whole seat myself, as I am to travel all this long, warm day?" said a lady nearest me, one sultry morning, as I took the out of the way end seat in the cars at Buffalo for Albany.

"Certainly not," was the reply, as I put my shawl, book, papers, fan, bouquet, &c., in the one end, and nestled myself down in the other. I soon wearied of conversation and reading, and had sunk into a fitful slumber, when a gentle tap on my shoulder, and a low "please Miss," made me wake with a sudden start.

The car was filled to overflowing, and a newly arrived party had entered, and a pale little woman, with a fretful baby in her arms, stood asking permission to sit beside me. With more of pity than of pleasure, I shared my seat with her, yet I spoke

but few words, and sulkily forbore taking the restless little creature to ease her poor wearied arms; but merely smoothed its yellow hair, and patted its pale, baby cheeks, and said Mary was a good and sweet name.

For my own comfort I had opened the window, that I might more distinctly catch those picturesque views that flitted by us so quickly that they seemed like glowing pictures, without one imperfection, when my attention, was drawn to my companion who was incessantly coughing.

"I do wish you would let down that window," said she, "the coal smoke makes my cough so much worse."

I am ashamed to confess it now, but I felt the angry blood burn in my cheek, and a flashing of the eyes, as I replied, "I am quite sick, and so wearied and troubled, and hungry, and thirsty and crowded, and here you come as an intruder, and would keep me from the mite of cool, fresh air, that I am trying to get. Do you think you are doing as you would be done by?" said I tartly, and without waiting for a reply, I arose and was letting down the window with an angry crash, as a naughty child would shut a door to, when she laid her poor little wasted hand on my arm, and said, "Oh, don't do it, then," and burst into tears, and leaned her head down on her baby, and cried bitterly. The woman in my heart was touched, but putting on the injured air of a martyr, I compressed my lips, and took up a paper, pretending to read. Pretty soon my eyes grew so dimmed I could not see without crushing the tears often, and I resolved to ask pardon for my unkindness; but minute after minute glided away, and she rose to leave. I rose, too, and the words were on my lips, when a gentleman came to assist her out.

She turned her gentle and tearful eyes upon me, with a sad expression, and bowed so sweetly that my hand was almost upraised to appeal to her for forgiveness; the words were just dropping from my lips, but she was gone—it was too late, and I, a woman, with a woman's heart, was left with that stinging little barb sticking in it, and the sweet words and wasted little hand that alone could remove it, and were gone from me forever. I sank back in my seat and wept bitterly.

The gentleman returned from assisting her, and as the car was full, he took the place she had vacated. I enquired who the lady was, and he replied, "her home is in Wisconsin, and she has returned to the home of her childhood, to die. The whole family of brothers and sisters died of consumption, and she, the last one left, is going too."

Oh! I turned away sick at heart, and tried to shut out from remembrance that pallid, appealing face, as I resolved and re-resolved, never again in this poor life of mine to speak another unkind word.—Ohio Farmer.

For the Lily.

SHARON, July 8th, 1855.

A merchant of Manchester, Mich., recently sued a man for a number of dollars worth of Opium, which he had sold his wife, contrary to his directions. She had become addicted to the habit of taking it when out of health, and probably thought she could not live without it. Her husband however, could see that she was wasting her strength and intellect, therefore he wisely thought to put it out of her power to get it. The merchant was defeated in the suit, thereby learning the lesson never to let a woman have any thing that could not be proved to be essential to her health and comfort, after being forbidden to do so by her lord and master.

What a pity such good rules cannot apply both ways. How many families now wasting their miserable existence in the poor house, could still be surrounded with the comforts of home, had the wife possessed the power to stop the rum-seller in extracting the last penny from her starving family, for that which "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder?" The world is full of mysteries, and we humbly believe this is one of them.

M. M. STEVENSON.

THE LILY.

RICHMOND, IND., AUGUST 15, 1855.

The Conventions in the West.

THE NATIONAL.—As stated in the call, the National Woman's Rights Convention meets in Cincinnati, during the 17th and 18th of October.

Will our readers bear this in mind, and each make preparations to contribute in some way to the meeting. Attend, if practicable; and to insure a good representation from all parts, wherever there are even but a very few friends to Woman's elevation, we suggest to them to meet and appoint one or more delegates. This would form an additional motive to attend, and would also identify them in the Convention. Also, we urge you to prepare reports on woman's education, industrial avocations, wages, her governmental, social and scientific disabilities, or any branch or phase of the subject of Woman's Rights; also collect facts and report them.

THE INDIANA MEETING.—The annual meeting of the Woman's Rights Association will be held in Indianapolis on the 21st and 22d of October.—This being a State Society, not only for the promulgation of the general principles embodied in the Woman's Rights reformation, but more particularly for the examination into the tenure by which woman, in this State, has her rights secured, and the investigation of the measures most likely to promulge a still higher and more true and comprehensive idea of human liberty. Indiana women are more particularly interested, but we will have the company and aid of a number of ladies from abroad. The President, Mrs. Emi B. Swank, is a lady of sterling worth and acquirements, so that we have every prospect of a meeting of unusual interest.

OUR TARDINESS.—Much do we regret the necessity of making apologies to our friends and patrons, but upon the day we should be mailing papers, we are writing this apology. Sickness in our little family of children has engrossed our every care, and as our own hand ministers to the home needs, as well as guides and trims THE LILY, the delay has been unavoidable, and will, we trust, be readily excused.

During this rainy season, sickness among children is very alarming, and every mother's stock of knowledge, judgment and prudence must be brought into active service. One thing of which we wish here to speak, is of the sanitary effects of a fire on the hearth during the damp days and evenings, notwithstanding the warmth. It dissipates impure vapors, and make a delightful and invigorating atmosphere. Try it, you who would guard against that sad, sad thing, sickness.

Progressive Friends.

A copy of the proceedings of this highly respectable and influential religious body, at their last yearly meeting, is on our table. It is really a spiritual refreshment to turn to its pages, so replete with the *life of christian feeling*. The society has just finished a commodious building at LONGWOOD, between the villages of KENNETT SQUARE and HAMORTON, Chester co. Pa.

The testimonies of the society, embracing Slavery, Intemperance, War, Capital Punishment, the Equal Rights of Woman, Superstition, &c. are comprehensive, noble and contain not merely the form, but the "breath of life." Its advocacy

of untrammelled investigation, individual nobility and accountability, of development of mind and progression eternal, will meet with the heart-warm embrace and choicest benediction of all true reformers.

"The only Paper."

"The only paper published and edited by woman," is an electioneering phrase now quite behind the times, when, east and west we have such a corps of lady editors. The New York Woman's State Temperance paper makes the following

CORRECTION.—The Woman's Temperance Paper says:—"We are desirous to state that, in the Resolution, referring to our paper, passed by the Auburn Convention, and printed in the last number the word "temperance" was accidentally omitted in the sentence reading—"the only paper conducted exclusively by women." It should have read—"the only temperance paper."—*Woman's Advocate*.

Mrs. Vaughan is an able writer and her paper is excellent, but it is neither "the only temperance paper," nor the only good temperance paper, conducted exclusively by women. Right proud are we that the number of journals under the control of woman is not small, and that they are marked with such excellence.

NO PAPER.—We feel compelled to announce that we will not attempt to issue a paper on the first of September. We need rest sadly, and fondly trust that by a couple of week's recruit, health will bound in our veins again, and our strength and buoyancy return. Our friends will lose nothing by this, and while we thank them for their ever generous aid heretofore rendered, we warmly invite them to send their thoughts and contributions, as usual, for the Lily sanctum is very far from being deserted.

[READ BEFORE THE SABBATH SCHOOL.]

A TRUE STORY.

She was a fair girl of eighteen; trouble to her had ever been a stranger; but her golden summers of virgin innocence had been spent in ease, luxury and happiness. The future, to her, was pictured with all the beautiful enjoyments that her imagination could originate. Her form was delicate, yet beautifully symmetrical—her countenance beamed with love and intelligence; her whole character was a model of beauty and excellence. All who knew this amiable girl admired and loved her. Other girls endeavored to imitate her, and well they might, for truly she was an example well worthy to be imitated. I said she had admirers, nor is it strange, for who could not admire one with whom was blended such noble and heavenly attributes. Among others who admired, yea loved this beautiful maiden, was a young man whose character was spotless in the world—whose primary object was simply to do right. This young man loved her to a degree little short of that of devotion, nor was his love unreciprocated.—To be brief, they were shortly engaged; and each pledged themselves before God, and at the sacred altar, to love, cherish and protect each other as long as life should last. They were united within the sacred pales of matrimony. Imagine you behold them as they were beautiful and lovely, full of hope and bright anticipations of a happy future. * * * They removed to their little home, prepared by the young, but frugal husband. It was a lovely romantic spot, such a picture as the artist might love to portray on canvass. A neat little cottage home fitted with all the necessities of life—in front the yard arranged

with a beautiful variety of evergreens, and variegated flowers which rendered their little home apparently a paradise. On the east, or back of the house was nature's lovely yet stupendous forest. The little murmuring brook silently traced along the channel of its meandering banks till it was heard no more from the lovely little cottage home. * * * A half a dozen years quickly stole away; four lovely little children had been added to their family. But what was the condition of the mother? Was she yet that beautiful, healthy, fair one that we justly described? Alas, she was not! That slow but fatal disease—Consumption (which was hereditary in the family) had for the few last years been gnawing at her vitals. It began to make more rapid strides—her haggard countenance and sunken eyes, spoke in language too plain to be mistaken that soon she must be numbered with the dead. Her ever faithful husband was never more faithful to his promise than now. He kindly administered to her every want.—The best Physician was procured but to no effect. A little while and all would be over.—She called her almost heart-broken husband to her bedside, and implored him that whatever he done not to neglect the one thing needful. But to be ever ready, for in an hour when he might least be expecting it, his spirit might be summoned home. And to her loving children, she implored him by the assistance of the Infinite Being, to bring them up in the fear and admonition of the Lord. She told him that it was well with her, that this grace was sufficient to sustain her through the cold and stormy stream of Jordan. She said she had no desire to stay in this cold and uncharitable world, were it not for her orphan children that she must leave behind. But trusting all to Him who always rules for the best, she exclaimed: "Thy will be done, O Lord, not mine." She retained her reason to the last, and seeing that in a few short moments the brittle thread of life must be severed, and that she must bid adieu to Earth and all that was near and dear to her on Earth. She took her darling children by the hand, and bid them an affectionate and dying farewell; she then successively took the hands of her weeping brothers and sisters and bid them a final farewell—exhorting them all to prepare to meet her in mansions of eternal glory. Last she laid her hand in that of her husband's and tried to speak, but her extreme weakness and flood of feelings choked her utterance. She seemed to have swooned away, and the last articulate sound that could be distinguished was "sweet Jesus, sweet Jesus!"

A moment more and all was over,—her spirit had taken its celestial flight on angel's wings to mansions of everlasting bliss. Dead! Silence reigned for a short time in the room. Disease had done her work. Another Angel was added to the band of seraphs in Heaven. But a friend, a wife and a mother was taken from the shores of time to Eternity! Much will she be missed. May that father of those poor orphan children consider well the immortal charge that is left to him. May he act well his part as affectionate father and benefactor, and bring those dependent children up in the fear and admonition of the Lord, so that when they with him may come to shake off this mortal coil they may soar on angel's wings to mansions in the skies, where with their friend, Jehovah and all the redeemed of Heaven may enjoy the consummate happiness of their redeemer's kingdom forever and evermore.

F.

MAY 19th, A. D. 1855.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Iowa, July 4.

I am sad this evening, notwithstanding it has been a day of general rejoicing and merry making throughout our country. I, too, entered upon the day with feelings of joy and thankfulness for all the many blessings which have been bestowed upon us as a people, and I went forth to join the crowd which met to commemorate a day so eventful in our country's history. But incidents have occurred this afternoon which jarred upon my feelings, and I returned home sorrowful, and with a load upon my spirits that I cannot shake off. I have witnessed a scene such as I had not beheld since the ushering in of the glorious Washingtonian movement full fifteen years ago, and such as I thought never to see again. I have lived for a few hours away back in the past, and the glorious present in which I had been living, and the hopes and promises of the future were obscured and forgotten in the sad revivings of those olden times.

I have seen a well filled board, surrounded by joyous guests, upon which were innumerable goblets, around whose brims were coiled the "Serpent of the still!" Toast after toast was drank from these goblets, but they who held them seemed not to hear the serpent's hiss, or see his deadly venomous tongue.

Woman, too, was there! and I blush to say it, not only gave countenance and encouragement to the sad, disgraceful doings by her presence, but also by pressing to her own lips that which has proved the ruin of tens of thousands of brothers, and doomed an equal number of her sisters to poverty, wretchedness and disgrace—to agonizing sorrow and premature graves.

The effect of the poison imbibed was soon to be seen in the actions of several individuals, and especially of one poor young man who took the speaker's stand, and for an hour or two entertained the crowd with a disconnected harangue, made up of wit, nonsense, vulgarity, profanity and blasphemy, such only as a drunken man would dare to utter. From my heart I pitied the man, and queried whether he had a wife, a mother or a sister; and if so, I prayed that they might be spared the painful knowledge of his disgrace. Men looked on and laughed and cheered, and, with one honorable exception, none felt sufficient pity or shame to attempt to remove him from the stand.

This painful, shameful scene—this enacting over the doings of a darker age, did not occur on the soil of Iowa, but in the lovely, far-famed city of Omaha, in Nebraska. It is indeed a lovely spot; but as the garden of Eden was not sacred from the intrusion of the serpent, so this paradise has not shut out the polluting presence of the great destroyer. And as in the one case his presence brought sin and death, so in the other will, if tolerated, bring loss of health, loss of property, loss of character, and loss of friends; and in the

place of happiness and comfort, it will give sorrow and misery and death.

The celebration by our citizens detained us at home in the morning, and we did not reach Omaha till the dinner was nearly over, and I was therefore spared the necessity of turning my back upon the table, as I most assuredly should have done, had I been there at an earlier hour. No true woman who has thought upon the subject, and who has the good of humanity at heart, can lend her presence and influence to so great a wrong; and I regard it as an insult to woman to invite her to be present where the cup of intoxication has an honored place.

My readers will be surprised that such a scene should transpire in the Capitol of Nebraska, where last winter a prohibitory liquor law was passed by the legislature, and which took effect in April last. I, too, was surprised and shocked at this open defiance and disregard of law; but the surprise ceased when I learned that the high official functionaries of the territory were participators, if not the leaders in guilt. When those who should be the conservators, become the violators of law, or the abettors of such violation, little can be hoped for the morals of community. The prohibitory law of Nebraska, so far as Omaha is concerned, is, for the present, at least, a dead letter. Though there are some temperance people there, they can do nothing with the influence of government arrayed on the side of the rumseller. There must be either a large influx of true and earnest temperance men, a reform among those now in power, or a change of Administration before Omaha will be redeemed from the curse of the liquor traffic. Those now in power are anti-temperance, pro-slavery, Administration, Douglas Democrats, and little is to be hoped or expected from that party in favor of morality and human rights. The Governor of the Territory is a Southern man and a slaveholder.

I am told that at Bellevue, and other points in the territory, more regard is paid to the law, and a stronger temperance sentiment prevails, so that the traffic is not carried on openly, if indeed it exists at all. I trust a more high-toned sentiment will prevail, ere another year comes round, in our sister city, and that her people will learn that it is more honorable and praiseworthy to be patriotic without the aid and presence of the god of Bacchus at the feast; and that even a patriotic temperance celebration is more in keeping with the intelligence and progress of the present day, than an "old-fashioned" patriotic, drunken one.—The true patriot will seek the good of the whole country and people. That good can never be promoted by the traffic in or use of intoxicating drinks.

Aside from the objectionable features I have mentioned, the celebration at Omaha is said to have been a good one—creditable to the day, and to those who had the ordering and management of it. The oration, by Mr. Cum-

tings, is spoken of as an able production, admirably adapted to the times and circumstances connected with the new territory. Of course the two questions of most vital importance to the prosperity of the country and the happiness of the people—Slavery and Intemperance—were left untouched.

Omaha is situated on the west bank of the Missouri river, opposite this city. The location is a most delightful one, and the rapidity of its growth would astonish one unacquainted with the almost magic power by which cities spring up at the West. Eight months ago there was but one building within the city limits; now there are some eighty or ninety buildings, including a large and well finished hotel, and a two story brick edifice, which was last winter occupied by the territorial legislature, and now appropriated to the use of the government officers. The population, I suppose, is about three or four hundred. They have one newspaper published there, which, of course, supports the present administration. Fifty thousand dollars were appropriated by the last Congress for the erecting of a Capitol building, and proposals are now being received for the building of the same. The spot selected for this edifice is in the centre of Capitol Square, on a high elevation, commanding a view of the country for miles around. The lands immediately adjoining the city, and for two or three miles back, are all held by claimants; city lots are selling at fair prices, and steadily advancing.

Our citizens were to day favored with an appropriate address from Judge Williams, late Chief Justice of the State. Besides the address and the reading of the Declaration of Independence, we had the usual accompaniments on such occasions—music, the firing of cannon, popping of fire crackers, waving of "star spangled banners," talking, laughing merry making, and a dinner served upon the grounds. The meeting was held in a grove in the centre of the city. I neither saw nor heard of any intoxicating drinks on the ground, and think there was none.

Judge Williams is now acting as agent and attorney for the Iowa Central Railroad Company—said road connecting Lyons, on the Mississippi, with Council Bluffs, on the Missouri, and he is here on the business of the Company. The road is being permanently located, and the engineers are now within a few miles of this city. The directors of the road, consisting of Boston and New York capitalists, are expected to pay us a visit in a few weeks.

Already, in imagination, we hear the scream of the steam whistle resounding o'er hill and valley, and we are anticipating the day when we can travel by steam over Iowa's lovely prairies, on a visit to our Eastern friends.

A. B.

You may glean knowledge by reading, but you must separate the chaff from the wheat by thinking.

A DREAM,

BY G. W. KNAPP.

SCENE I.

Reflecting once at evening fall,
Upon the conduct, strange, of all
Who dwell upon this earthly ball,
As oft in patriarchal days of yore,
A vision passed the mind before:—
A train of missionary philosophers appeared,
And to various parts of earth their pathway steered;
Diverse their trappings,—each equipped as need
Dictated to correct the heathen's faulty creed.

Those bound to lovely Pitcairn's Isle,—
Where morals pure, and virtue's smile,
And love and peace are so prolific,
It's called "The Paradise of the Pacific,"
And women vote! (what evidence
Of darkest heathen ignorance!)
And Plato's dogmas doth prevail,
That woman should be man's politic equal,—
The various passages all took
And had them bound into a book,
From Genesis, and from St. Paul,
That could these unsexed female Solons appall,
And teach them to "in silence be," before the men,
Who were ordained "to rule o'er them."
When landed 'mong the Pitcairn nation,
There soon occurred this tart confabulation:

Missionaries,—

"Dear women of this lovely Isle,
Most beautifully doth heaven smile
Upon your land; yet still your eyes are sealed
To much His goodness hath to us revealed;
He's told us that 'tis not his will
That woman should exert politic skill,
But that her glory and her good demands,
That she obey her lord in all of his commands;
That thus her morals may remain more pure,
And all her rights be rendered more secure;
By thus depending on his potent arm
To shield her from all danger and from harm."

Pitcairn Women,—

"Dear sirs, it is your greatest boast,
You come from an enlightened coast;
And tell us, too, that we transcend our sphere [dear,
By helping make the laws that guard our rights most
We know not what society may be,
Within your boasted land beyond the sea;
But tell us, sirs, can it compare
In morals with our Island fair?
Do all the "lords" within you land,
Give none but mild and just commands?
Are women's rights all guarded there?
And does the statesman heed her prayer?
Or doth he turn her off carelessly,
And laugh, when for protection she doth pray?
And say "she votes not—cannot give
Me offices to help me live;
I'll heed her not, but let her prate,
While I attend to those whose votes affect my fate?"

Our missionary philosophers now stood
All in a stupid, dumb and speechless mood,
But soon hemmed out:

Missionaries,—

" 'Tis true your lovely Isle out-views,
In morals pure, all lands beneath the skies;
But e'en its lovely moral atmosphere
Would soon become more pure and clear,
Were you to brook your lord's control,
And let the sterner portion rule.
'Tis true the laws in our own land
Dont fully guard her from the tyrant's hand,
But that is left, as sure it best becomes,
To husbands, brothers, fathers, sons;—
And all but those with morals black as Fate,
Will soon to take advantage of her defenceless state."

Pitcairn Women,—

"A lovely picture, truly, you display!
Where woman's rights are guarded but by courtesy!
If statute laws are needed to protect the strong,
Pray why not, too, to shield the weak from wrong?
What more'n the vile and such as on her prey, [pray?
Hath man to guard his rights against, sirs, tell us,
If all were good and just—a law unto themselves—
No statute laws we'd need; however, but selfish elves,
Unhappily, are many men, nor hesitate
To take advantage of e'en women's helpless state:
All formal governments are of no use,
According to the potent reasons you adduce.
'Tis not against good husbands, fathers, brothers,
That many of our sisters, wives and mothers,
Beseech the statesmen for protection; but from those
Who play the tyrant, and with abuse and blows
Degrade her to a slave; and claiming, as you say,
A 'right divine,' to make her them obey.
That statesman whom the women do not help elect,
Will be as anxious to all her rights protect,
As those whose place depends upon her word,
Is starker nonsense than ever yet was heard!
But prove to us that 'tis not human nature
For every selfish scheming legislator
To pander and consult, and to protect the most,
The ones upon whose votes he rose into his post;
And who may yet, again, e'en raise him higher still,

If he their rights protects with wisdom and with skill;
But fully prove all this, and we will gladly yield
Unto our brother man the whole politic field."

Missionaries,—

Poor human nature's too depraved,
For us to prove of it what you have craved;
'Tis but a melancholy fact,
That politicians oft have lacked
The disinterestedness and honesty
To legislate impartially,
But eringe and pander unto those
From whom the stream of power flows,
But though we cannot you refute,
Your right to vote we do dispute;
Because we have 'thus saith the Lord,'
Recorded in his written word,
And though this fiat can't be reconciled
With that sad state of things which has beguiled,
And made you claim the right to all participate
In making regulations of the State,
Yet REASON'S castles all must fall
Before the words of the INFALLIBLE."

Pitcairn Women,—

"To mystic lore, dear sirs, we make no claim,
But were they not both written by the same
Great Author? And is it not blaspheming to construe
The written word to disagree with what we know is
true?
Reason's Nature's voice, whose echoes ne'er expire,
And writ by nature's God in lines of living fire!
You, certainly, can have no great respect [dict;
For Him whose works you make each other contra-
For you, it may be good theology
To make Jehovah's precepts disagree;
But pardon us if we revere
His character too much, and should prefer
To think that e'en such pompous wights as you
His written word do misconstrue."

SCENE II.

Those bound for Tartar and the Esquimaux
Confined their tenets to the women's clothes.
Their outfit, scraped from various towns;
Consisted of ten thousand gowns
Of ample length; to supersede the brief ones wore
By these degraded tribes of yore;
And thus equipped the sanguine band
Soon in those distant countries land,
And strove with their most potent lights
To make the female heathen proselytes.

Missionaries,—

"Dear women, for your welfare our anxiety
Hath brought us o'er the raging sea,
That we your darkened minds might make confess,
Your glaring faults, and wear a decent dress,
Your garb is now so bawdy—like the men,
It makes decorum blush and hide her face in shame!
The form of woman is too sacred for such male array!
And nought but garbs of flowing drapery,
Which give but feeble outlines of her form,
Should e'er her nether parts adorn."

Tartar and Esquimaux Women,—

"Dear sirs, we certainly are at loss to see
Of wearing our present garb the impropriety;
Convenient, simple, easily arranged, [changed?
Why then, for dragging skirts should it be thus ex-
It seems it greatly shocks your prudish modesty
To have our dress conform to nature's symmetry!
Knowing how easy 'tis to vitiate the taste,
Our words we'll here not stop to waste;
Perhaps false custom has induced a squeamish mood,
As worst dyspeptics loathe the best of food,
And crave disease-fraught dishes to allay
The stomach's wild excitability.
And then the long and flowing drapery,
Which you contend is woman's best array,
Would find her oft quite dubiously fixed,
And make her choose dilemma's horns betwixt,—
'Twixt dragging skirts thro' mud and miry sloughs,
Or, in attempts to keep them out, disclose,
If not still more, the fast'ners of her hose!
'Tis but the height of sheerest prudery
That brooks such scenes of blank immodesty,
Yet cavils at our simple, neat array.
Still, to the score of their utility
We purpose to confine our arguments:—
Our simple garb meets nature's strict requirements,
And most disease and sickness thus prevents;
Which women by long skirts incur and cause,
By thus transgressing nature's sacred laws,
With an o'er burdening and vexatious dress,
Which all the vital powers of life repress,
And render the whole system weak in all its parts,
And easy yield unto disease's keen darts.
Instead of to Eve's eating the forbidden fruit,
If they to their perverse acts would attribute
'The many suff'rings they endure,
But a few generations might root out and cure
The feebleness which now disqualifies
For her exalting lot beneath the skies."

Missionaries,—

"You strangely talk—would fain forget
That you are blind barbarians yet;
And that we're Christians, civilized,
And know how things should best be prized.
'Tis 'cause your taste is so depraved and so impure,
That you your present garb endure;
Could you but see in that superior light that we

Have had advantage of in lands beyond the sea,
You'd loathe yourselves, and not adore
Your savage costume, but abhor
It with abhorrence far more fierce and greater
Than boiling lavas in Vesuvius' crater,
Your strange, wild infidel ideas about [scent,
The 'fall' and curse pronounced on woman we but
In this, as 'twere, you circumvent
The will of Heaven, and its intent.
'Tis no legitimate expedient
That thus can foil Jehovah's fiat and decree,
And from his curse thus set you free,
Let sacrifice and penances from man,
Alone can free him Jehovah's ban.
Instead of strife to obviate
The penalty of her crime so dire and great,
Woman should meekly meet the punishment that
she's incurred.
From this should plainly be inferred,
That of the garbs of various sorts,
That one is ours which best comports
In placing woman in
A state to meet the merits of her sin; [repine,
And therefore is the one that all should wear and
And meekly carry out wise Heaven's design."

Tartar and Esquimaux Women,—

"We waive discussion as to taste and prejudice,
And but remark that your ideas of God are less
Exalted than e'en those that we'd conceived,
A wise, beneficent God of Love we b'lieved
Him, not a fiend with hideous features,
Who gloats upon the misery of his creatures;
And One who's wiven man the sense of pain [chain,
To bid him flee from all that rivets on its galling
If such is good philosophy, the sin so great,
And all the forbidden fruit that Eve e'er ate,
Was simply but transgressing nature's laws, [cause
And which has been the primal and perpetuating
Of all the 'curse' that e'er befel her lot;
And which she may excuse; yet not
By libelling God with supposing that
The 'curse' is but an unconditional, vengeful fiat,
But simply a wise penalty consequent
On violating laws whose whole intent
Are greatest good of human kind,
As Him who doeth all things well, designed."
Grisson, N. Y.; May 1st, 1855.

For The Lily.

Theology and Ethics—No. 2.

NATURE'S CAUSE.

As every effect must have a cause, so the
sum of all effects must likewise have a cause.

All our knowledge of things being limited
to qualities and attributes, as developed thro'
effects, those developments must unquestion-
ably be the highest evidence that can possibly
be obtained in determining the qualities and
attributes of cause; for cause must contain
constituent and inherently, that which is
developed from it; otherwise how could it be
developed therefrom? Hence the sum of all
developments as recorded in Nature's own
manuscript, must be the infallible archives in
which are to be found the true characteristics
of nature's cause. For as all existences in
nature are but the embodied thoughts and de-
signs of nature's Great Originator, the laws
or principles of action, by which they have
been ushered into being, must be the very ele-
ments of his will; and must necessarily be in
perfect accordance, not only with his desire to
create them, but with the constituent and in-
herent principles of his nature that impel his
desires.

Now inasmuch as humanity is the highest
earthly evolution, and through it power, wis-
dom, love and goodness have been developed
in a degree correspondent with humanity's
present sphere of evolutions: we infer that
the Great Cause of all causes must have pos-
sessed those same attributes in a degree to cor-
respond with the illimitable evolutions of the
universe; consequently they must include, not
only all the infinity of powers that have reign-
ed throughout the eternity of the past; but all
that shall control the incalculable existences
to be evolved during the eternity to come.

And we further infer that as masculinity
and femininity have been equally developed,
they must be of equal importance and equally
indispensable, for the division of organized
beings into sexes, not only identifies the pe-
cific functional operations, through which re-

production is carried on, but they likewise represent the two great principles of nature, through the combined operations of which, all the processes of affination, motion, organization, life, sensation and intelligence are carried on in all the kingdoms of nature.

The radiating, diffusing, procreating principle represents the male,—the attracting, concentrating, life-evolving principle represents the female; and although organically the sexes are twain, yet in their representative principles in every department of nature they are one, a harmonious, inseparable unity.—Now, inasmuch as those two all-pervading principles can never exist disproportionally, or independent of each other, either as principles, or distinct sexes organically, there can be no other logical inference than that masculinity and femininity must of necessity be equal constituents in nature's cause.

By this train of reasoning, we conceive the idea that nature's God is the universal, vitalizing Spirit of nature, through whose immutable, ever-progressive laws every existence in nature is individualized, yet still related to every other existence in the universe, and as each distinct existence is an embodiment of his thoughts, created according to infinite design to harmonize with every other existence, there must be an inherent fitness in all things. But if on the contrary, the Creator has failed in the adaptation of any one part, to every other part of His universal mechanism, He cannot be Infinite in wisdom; for the wisdom of every mechanism consists in the harmony of all its parts.

Although it is universally demonstrated that whatever is needed in nature, is provided in nature, and its application to those needs is a natural and inalienable right; yet the popular idea is, that there is not a universal fitness in things, hence man's attempted improvements upon the laws of nature.

This supposed unfitness of things, or the origin of evil, will be discussed in my next article.

JANE FROHOCK.

Mount Carroll, Ill., Aug. 15, 1855.

For The Lily.

HIRAM, July, 24th, 1855.

Mrs. Birdsall:—As this little town is thickly peopled with Woman's Rights and Temperance ladies, perhaps it might not be uninteresting to many readers of the Lily to hear a few words in regard to its *flourishing* condition, as that only can be the case where such ladies reside. As you are well aware this is the seat of the far famed Eclectic Institute, and in this Institution the rights of the ladies are defended by a fortress stronger and more permanent than the mighty walls of Sevastopol. Woman's rights are preached from the house-tops, church spires, and are even proclaimed in the great and glorious cause of temperance, which has greatly advanced in the last few years, and well might they be proclaimed if they will tend to raise woman on a level, or even above those would-like-to-be the lords of creation, who have always trampled on her rights, without regarding justice or humanity, and many of whom if possible would have kept her in degradation. An opposer to woman's rights had better seek for an abode in some solitary wilderness, in some vast wild, or in some unknown land where "eye hath not seen nor ear hath not heard," rather than in Hiram, for his condition here can be better imagined than described. Methinks he would feel like a fish out of water.

Last fall the ladies and gentlemen formed their respective Temperance Alliances. *Pro bono publico*, and the ladies' is now flourishing

finely, laying every thing prostrate that dare oppose their strait forward march, like Alexander the Great, who conquered the noble steed Bucephalus, and upon whom no one but himself dared to mount; they have torn King Alcohol from his strongest holds, and hurled him far beyond the north pole, where it is to be hoped he will find a safe retreat, far beneath the unlimited bounds of creation, where he may remain through the spaceless ages of eternity. But alas! we cannot speak so highly of gentlemen as of the ladies, for it seemed as if their Alliance took an apoplectic fit, died and was buried at midnight, in silence, where there were no drums to beat, no bells to toll, no tears to shed, but some blushes to be seen on the cheeks of its *poor weak* supporters who like some little boy can commence great things, but accomplish none, but may the time yet come when they will begin *de novo*, with renewed courage and still stronger than before, with a resolution firm as the rock of Adamantine, and go forward in the great march as if they were determined to batter down the rocky promontory of Giberlalter with a pop-gun or fight the hosts of Bacchus with a darning needle.

We may all look forward to the day when the proud sons of America can boast of her intellectual and moral pursuits; when the sun will rise and set no more, to light a people who will never so degrade themselves, as to use the intoxicating cup and when intemperance and its followers will sink into oblivion.

BAZEL G. H.

For The Lily.

Mrs. Birdsall:—As I opened my desk this fine morning to give the brain-cobwebs a brush, that I might see the panorama of present topics in their brightest coloring, Woman's sphere attracted my attention, by its vivid distinctness and peculiar shades.

There is no subject so confused as this in the great march of mind, none that the philosophy is so little tested or the real pith of the question so little known.

We only contend for equal protection from law with man if the danger is the same, for equal labor with man if the aim is the same, equal knowledge with man if our duties are the same, equal remuneration if body as mind performs the same, equal civil rights of property and person are taxed or restricted the same. As a general thing they are the same, and we call for protection, knowledge, remuneration and civil liberty.

Woman does not want to step out from her home sphere, for it is adapted to delicacy and kindness; she does not wish to cast away her silent deeds of benevolence, they belong to the purity of her nature; she does not desire to go out to battle, or to fell the mighty trees of the wilderness, or hew, or delve, it would be against her instincts and her strength.

She wants justice—justice to her modesty, to her intellect, to her exertions and to her religion.

In this age, terrible to relate, she finds more opposers ridiculing her efforts to secure this justice in woman than man. Man is experienced in privilege and understands its effects,—woman is ignorant and carelessly thoughtless.

Down the street, where you see a two-story white house with a wing and latticed piazza, lives a woman whose husband has retired upon the proceeds of an old-fashioned hospitable tavern.

That woman ridicules with the full sweep of her tongue woman's lecturing. "O, they are out of their sphere, they ought to be at home washing dishes, making cheese or linen, &c."

I wonder if the question ever came up to her mind whether she was out of woman's sphere, when she used to spend half of the forenoon in the bar-room talking with travelers, or standing in the front door with arms akimbo, cap border flying back, and voice pitched an octave above the natural. Was that delicate, sensitive, shrinking woman's sphere? I think I should prefer making soap and cheese.

It may be that I can imagine how a lecturer feels before an audience of eyes, and I believe I should like the exclusiveness in preference to contact with a set of men in a bar-room or in the street.—*Taste differ.*

In one case woman might do considerable good by a reflective and suggestive lecture, in the other woman might do hurt by branding and exposure to the rude replies of men.

One I should think woman's sphere, the other not. *Opinions differ.*

LIZZIE DALE.

Airy Dale, New London, O., July, 1855.

From the Women's Temperance Paper.

The Philosophy and Supremacy of Law.

BY MRS. C. ANNETTE HARRIS.

There is one peculiar excellency in a republican form of government. When the evils of society become insufferable, and milder, gentler means have signally failed to reach them, it can fall back upon legislation. It has not to groan and writhe under the lash of cruel and unjust laws, to subserve the prejudice, interest or inhumanity of some base usurpers of power, or incidental monarch, as the case may be—or take the other alternative, of pouring out its noblest, purest martyr's blood. Its work is, simply, to arise and array its interests in the robes of law; to make truth *peremptory*, instead of persuasive. A people never look more noble, than when laying commands upon themselves—coming voluntarily under the stern dominion of Truth. Truth is, in some sort, like the Divine presence, existing everywhere, though sometimes only in an elementary form. The great work of reform is to organize truth; to make it visible, to bring it out a tangible, practical thing; to resurrect it, a form of light—a divinity among the people, as Jesus was when he appeared to Mary on the morn of the third day. He arose calmly, majestically, with his own inherent life. So will truth, at the humble bidding of God's agencies, although it hath lain, an imperishable diamond, imbedded for ages in the corruption of a charnel. The page of history is false, if it testifies that nations utterly fall. They may die as regards a formal identity, or the world's ceremonial recognition, but they have always a representation left in some great heart, born and molded, within the compass of this enterprise. Virtue is immortal, and though it be mortgaged and forfeited, a thousand times, it shall forever be redeemed. This is why each succeeding age brings up upon its mighty populating wave, its master spirit of reform—its good and its great men. I know it is assumed by certain especial human embodiments of the eloquence of the present age, that the great men are all dead; that when England's Iron Duke went down under the marble floors of St. Paul's, at London, the nation wept its last really great man. Well, he was a lion of a WELLINGTON, who never marshaled an army but for a conquering field, and the laurels were always on his brow. It is assumed that when the American Webster went down to mingle with the dust of common men, that he left no representative. He was a Hercules of a WEBSTER,

(intellectually,) who sported with masive thought, random like, as a school-boy would pluck off a butterfly's wings, but England shall have more WELLINGTONS and America more WEBSTERS.

There is something wonderful about this brief little word LAW. It is very old, and yet, as young and vigorous to-day, as when it first went forth to do the bidding of Jehovah. It is the almoner of his strength; next to Him, almighty. His noiseless perpetuating energy pervading the minutia of the universe. It is more. It is majesty divinely arrayed—the unapproachable dignity of the Supreme—the central grandeur and glory of His presence.—It is the immutable foundation rock of the science of government, having its original form in the hierarchy of Heaven, the only supreme judiciary, the foundation of all law.

Human governments must be imitative of the Divine. The grand principle the greatest good of the governed. Utility, wisdom, justice and purity, in their administration, are the guarantees of their strength. A government is self-sustaining, while it recognizes these. Pride and corruption only, can lay it in the dust. When it sacrifices uprightness to other acquisitions, its element of success, and its guarantee of perpetuity are gone.

There is another element of the higher law, which, incorporated into human governments, gives them nobility. Not nobility to a few, known, never, but from the sounding title, but true nobility to every man. It is *volition*—the power to be rigidly and thoroughly governed, and yet be free. This is Jehovah's plan for ruling men on earth—the simple, yet grand, embodiment of Divine republicanism. True liberty never gave men freedom to do wrong.

It beholdeth the golden balances of RIGHT,
And weareth the triple cords that bindeth
Man to his fellow, his country, his God.

It is compatible with all wholesome restraints of crime, and is secured only by those restraints. Paramount evils demand a severity of legislation equal to their deep root in the heart and habit of the nation. The penal strength of law must meet the demand of crime. Its very strength gives it majesty. I have somewhere seen the following illustrations of another subject, yet they express my idea here, and I beg leave to use them. "Had Alexander proposed only the subjugation of Greece, Greece would have arisen up and defeated him in mere self-defence. But when himself a Greek, he offered to subjugate the world, two-thirds of the Grecian cities were converts to his design, by its very greatness. Had these infant colonies attempted only the modification of British tyranny, there would have been in that nothing worthy of the nation; but when LIBERTY was proposed, every man was at his post, and America was free." The magnitude of the Prohibitory Law addresses itself to our energies. Its moral proposition is without precedent or parallel in all previous legislation, for the restraint of crime and the amelioration of the race. Does society honestly question the necessity of Prohibition? It argues only a want of intelligent observation—a lack of acquaintance with common history. Is the ground of opposition merely selfish, monied, developing itself in apologetic sophistry, and recondite reasoning to annihilate the scanty humanity that is left in human legislation. Be it only this? Then has the nineteenth century the golden birthage of millennial reformatory progress—the approximating forms of the accumulated light of ages fallen upon a modern abridgment, a condensed edition of the old depravity.

From Youman's Chemistry of Familiar Objects.
The use of Air in the growth of Animals and Vegetables.

As an example of the manner in which Professor Youman combines general views with the illustration of details, we copy a portion of his remarks on the connexion between plants, animals, and the air:

The common impression of the uninstructed, who see the solid plant springing up from the solid earth, is, that the plant is formed entirely out of soil, and has no more to do with the air than that it happens to be surrounded by it. Yet we might infer from the very structure of plants that their *connexion with the air* is in some way of the first importance. They are formed upon a plan which brings them into contact with the largest amount of air. Rising upward to a greater or lesser height, the stems or trunk divide into branches, which are again divided into lesser branches, and those into minuter fibres or twigs, which expand out into innumerable flattened plates or leaves. Immense surface is thus secured. The branches and foot-stalks of the leaves, being very elastic and easily bent, sway and tremble in every breeze, by which fresh air is continually supplied, and its surface contact with the leaf is greatly multiplied. Now, all this wonderful contrivance and adaptation cannot be without some important purpose.

We discover this purpose at once, when we compare what the air is made of with what the plant is made of. The plant and the air in which it grows are composed almost entirely of the same substances. Elementary they are almost identical. From one to five per cent. of the plant, its inorganic or mineral portion, its ash, comes from the soil; the balance, the main bulk of the vegetable structure, 95 to 99 lbs. in 100 of its weight, has the same constituents as the air. We get constant proof of this in the burning which takes place in fire-places and stoves; the consuming wood, all but its ash, dissolves into gases, and rising upward, is thus actually converted into air.

When a log of wood is charred in a pit, it is converted into a black mass of carbon of the of the same form and size as the log was before charring. This carbon, as has been before stated, is the solidifying element of all organized fabrics. In the charring process certain gases have been expelled into the air, the solid carbon remaining. Now, that mass of charcoal, the chief solid constituent of the log, was derived by the growing tree from the air. It entered the leaves in the shape of a gas—carbonic acid gas—which is found everywhere diffused in small quantity through the air. About 1-2000th the weight of the atmosphere is carbonic acid, and 6.22 of carbonic acid is carbon.

The carbonic acid is decomposed in the plant, and furnishes this proportion of solid carbon. It is the office of the leaves and green parts of vegetation to perform this work, to effect the chemical separation of carbon from carbonic acid—that is, to deoxidize the carbon. Wherever a green plant exists, whether it be those which man cultivates as sources of food, or the venerable forest trees, or the wild weeds of the prairie, or the humble grass by the wayside, or the sea-weeds which grow in the ocean; this is its essential function—that in which vegetable life consists, to absorb carbonic acid gas, decompose it, use the carbon in forming organic vegetable compounds, and restore the oxygen back again to the air.

The plant also decomposes water in the

same way; employs its hydrogen in the manufacture of its peculiar products, and sets free the oxygen into the air. It also decomposes ammonia and nitric acid to get nitrogen, and sulphuric acid to get free sulphur. These elements, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, sulphur, and the ash-compounds from the soil it makes use of to build up its own fabric—to grow. It is thus the prerogative of the plant to create organization; so to decompose and recompound the elements of matter, that they shall acquire the quality of life. All vital structures in both worlds of organization originate here in the green leaf. At this point disorganization and death cease, and life begins.

How wonderful that the vegetable world thus springs into being from the bosom of the invisible atmosphere! We can hardly grasp the fact as reality, that the beautiful forms which ornament the landscape, are really distilled from the pure and stainless medium which pervades it, or that the oak which has wrestled with winds and storms for hundreds of years, has nevertheless, been nourished and developed by the very blasts which threatened it, and stands before us in its majesty, as consisting of but organized and embodied gases of the air.

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Indiana Womans' Rights Meeting.

The Annual Meeting of the Indiana Womans' Rights Association will convene in Indianapolis on the 21st and 22d of October next.

EMI B. SWANK, Pres't.
MARY B. BIRDSALL, Sec.

DEXTER C. BLOOMER,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
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May 1st, 1855.

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